

Gloomy Sunday

Lucy Woodward

Sunday is gloomy, my hours are slumberless
Dearest the shadows I live with are numberless
Little white flowers will never awaken you
Not where the black coach of sorrow has taken you

Angels have no thoughts of ever returning you
Would they be angry if I thought of joining you
Gloomy Sunday

Gloomy is Sunday with shadows I spend it all
My heart and I have decided to end it all
Soon there'll be candles and prayers that are said, I know
Let them not weep, let them know that I'm glad to go
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Death is no dream for in death I'm caressing you
With the last breath of my soul I'll be blessing you
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